



# Running Out of Time



time death running

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## Chapter 1 by ดยกร พัลker

In this world, everyone is born with a timer on their wrist, and when that timer hits zero, they die. Whether it be death by car crash, heart attack, or something else.

This is the archive of the people in that world, what they did before their time ran out, their love lives, their everyday lives, the drama they had to put up with, and what they did right before time ran out.

## Chapter 2 by intellikat



DANIEL EZEKIEL KELLY

1.223e+7 minutes

Dan was born as all the others. He lived a very ordinary life for his 23+ years. He attended university, though his friends gently urged him not to. They told him to travel, to seek pleasures in his young age, for those closest to him knew his time was short. Dan studied architecture, and seemed both most lost to time and most himself when drafting at his table. Out of some kindness, his hometown accented a plan for a new public library that he drafted in his final

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loved one girl dearly; they had grown up together and he had told her of his time on his 17th birthday. She too, like his other friends, urged him not to follow the austere course he had chosen, and in part this was because she had fallen in love with him and one's first love is as both as foolish and as wise as it will ever be. She wanted to be with him if only for a brief few years, and yet he would not relent. On his death-day, Dan ate a simple breakfast cooked by his mother and walked with his love one more time through the woods where they had played as children. He had invited her to the moment of his passing, (which was supposed to only be witnessed by his immediate family and the religious elder, yet out of another kindness, the parish had relented and allowed for it in the final days), yet she refused in the final hour when they were together and ran from the woods herself, leaving him alone and questioning the decisions he had made up to that moment in his life. In his passing, he attempted to still his mind, but could not. He cried out in his final seconds as the parish elder prayed over him and his family held him close. His final words were simply, "They were so brown." Whether it was the leaves on the ground that autumn day in the woods or his love's eyes, no one would ever know.

END OF TRANSCRIPT

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